Merrill's English Texts

JULIUS CAESAR

SHAKESPEARE

Florence Grove

IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM.
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLYMPVS HABET.
STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE: WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDST WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y TOMBE
FAR MORE THEN COST: SIEH ALL Y HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT.

BUST OF SHAKESPEARE IN TRINITY CHURCH STRATFORD

His grave is directly beneath the bust

Merrill's English Texts

SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
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PREFACE

For generations it has been generally acknowledged that Shakespeare is the greatest English dramatist; but too often in the schools he has been treated primarily as a poet, or a philosopher, or a writer of texts for grammatical or philological study. This edition of *Julius Cæsar* is based on the premise that Shakespeare was first and foremost a writer of plays, and that a true play is intended to be played or produced in the same way that a true song is intended to be sung. The study of a play should not be restricted to a mere intellectual analysis of the text, any more than the study of a song should be limited to a verbal discussion of the score. Both play and song must be produced to be fully understood. In the school, even where it is impossible to take the first steps towards play production, as recommended on page 21, we can consider the play always from the production point of view, and this gives it a live interest. When students have once been given this point of view, and have come to appreciate Shakespeare as a writer of exciting plays, then it is possible to branch out into the study of Shakespeare as a poet, or a philosopher, or a writer of Elizabethan language. It is for this consideration of *Julius Cæsar* as dramatic action that this edition has been prepared.

The introduction endeavors to make Shakespeare real to the student, and to establish certain facts about his theater and his own method of play production. It must be remembered that the Elizabethan theater differed greatly from our own, and we are losing a great opportunity if, in teaching Shakespeare, we do not try to make the Elizabethan age live again for our students. The realization that other times and other ages were as real as our own is perhaps the greatest thing that the study

of literature can give. In the body of the play, stage directions are added to help the visualizing of a production in Shakespeare's theater. The Notes contain brief explanations of difficult lines and passages, but it is recommended that they be referred to only when the student finds himself unable to understand a passage. The Questions are intended to aid in making the play clearer, and the various sections of the Appendix contain aids for the treating of *Julius Cæsar* as a play, or technical information for a more detailed study of the play.

The most important thing in teaching Shakespeare is to make the play live for the students. To do this, there is no need to haggle over each detail of refined Shakespearean scholarship. Our study will have been successful to the degree that we can make the age of Shakespeare a reality to our students, and in proportion as we teach them how to read and enjoy a play.

M. M. S.

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INTRODUCTION

The Author of *Julius Cæsar*

The author of *Julius Cæsar* was a "practical" dramatist; that is, he wrote his plays to be played in the theater and not to be read in the study. He would probably have been overcome with amazement if anyone had stopped him in the midst of his busy life in London—where he was an actor, a stage director, and an owner of shares in two theaters, as well as a playwright—to tell him that after three hundred years his plays would be studied in every school in which the English language is spoken. His name was William Shakespeare, and although we know little definitely about his life, we know more about him than we know about any other man of his time who was not connected with the royal Court. More books have probably been written about him and his works than about any other subject in the world.

You will soon notice, no matter what books you consult, that the statements about his life fall into two classes: first, facts that are certain because they are backed by existing documents; and second, probable or possible statements, which are based on guesses, rumors, and conjectures. Unfortunately the latter are much more numerous than the former.

Nevertheless, there is quite a body of substantiated facts.

We are certain, for example, that Shakespeare was baptized at Trinity Church in Stratford-on-Avon on the 26th of April, 1564; that at the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, a girl from the neighboring town of Shottery; that he went up to London and became connected with the theaters, which were then a new and rapidly growing form of amusement; that he wrote and published a few poems which gave him some reputation as a poet; that he made much money from the stock that he acquired in "The Globe Theater," and from his pay as a playwright, so that he was able to aid his father, who had fallen into financial difficulties; and that he bought his father a coat of arms, and so indirectly had himself made a gentleman. We know also that he was often called upon to perform, with his company, before the Queen and the royal Court, both in his own plays and in the plays of other men; that he was involved in several lawsuits; that he went back to his native town and set up as a rich country gentleman, buying the best house in the town; that he died there on the 23d of April in 1616, and was buried in the chancel of the little church where he had been baptized fifty-two years earlier.

There are some other certain facts about Shakespeare's life, and many interesting probabilities, which you can discover by consulting some of the books listed on page 178. Just at present, however, we

should turn our attention to one important fact not listed above: that Shakespeare himself did not seem to consider his plays as material for reading, for during his lifetime most of his plays appeared only on the stage of his theater.

The First Edition of *Julius Cæsar*

Julius Cæsar did not appear in print until after Shakespeare had been dead seven years. Then, in 1623, two actors of Shakespeare's company printed his complete works. This edition is called the *First Folio*, and it is one of the most valuable books in the world. In it appear for the first time *Julius Cæsar*, *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *As You Like It*, and several other plays. Of the thirty-six plays in the book, about half had previously been printed, but they had not been printed under Shakespeare's direction. They had been unauthorized editions, printed probably from stolen manuscripts, or from parts bought from actors, or from shorthand notes made from the performances. These unauthorized editions are called *quartos*.

The unfortunate part is that even the Folio edition was very badly and imperfectly printed. It was based on copies of the plays used in the theater, which may have been copied many times by the actors, and which were undoubtedly soiled and torn. Even in *Julius Cæsar*, which is one of the plays where there are the fewest obvious errors, several places are inconsistent. For example, on page 109, Brutus knows that

Portia, his wife, is dead; but on page 111, a few minutes later, he acts as though he did not know it. Critics have made attempts to explain this inconsistency, but they do not seem to be able to do it very successfully; and the truth probably is that only one of the incidents should be in the play. Shakespeare, or somebody else, wrote a second version of this scene, which got into print in the Folio through the mistake of some copyist or printer.

Shakespeare was probably not very careful about his manuscripts. If he ever hoped for future literary fame, he based his hopes on his poems. This was due to his idea of a play. His plays were, in his opinion, temporary works made for the theater to which they were sold. They were sets of directions, to be followed by the actors and the stage hands in order to make the play. The actors were to say certain words, and the stage hands were to blow trumpets, or fire cannon, or do whatever else he directed. He probably instructed the actors himself. He told them what gestures to make and how to interpret this or that line. Therefore, even the few stage directions that he does give are often incomplete. His idea of a play was a *performance*, and this is the true idea of a play.

Shakespeare's Theater

In order, therefore, to understand completely a Shakespeare play, we should know the kind of theater in which it was originally performed.

The theater of Shakespeare's time was modeled on

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my ſake) ſtay heere with *Antony:*
Do grace to *Cæſars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæſars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permiſſion) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue ſpoke. *Exit*

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony.*

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire.
We'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.

Ant. For *Brutus* ſake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he ſay of *Brutus?*

3 He ſayes, for *Brutus* ſake
He findes himſelfe beholding to vs all.

4 'Twere beſt he ſpeake no harme of *Brutus* heere?

1 This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certaine:
We are bleſt that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can ſay.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your eares:
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him:
The euill that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæſar.* The Noble *Brutus*
Hath told you *Cæſar* was Ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a greeuous Fault,
And greeuouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the reſt
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to ſpeake in *Cæſars* Funerall.

the courtyard of an inn, for reasons that may be briefly stated. Plays, in England, had started in the churches as part of the church services. Priests and choir boys acted stories from the Bible for the instruction of the common people, who could not have read the Bible even if they had had copies to read, and who could not understand the ordinary church service because it was in Latin. On Easter Sunday the priests and choir boys would enact the visit of the two Marys to the empty sepulcher and their conversation with the angel; and at Christmas they would enact the visit of the shepherds and the three wise men to the manger where Christ was born. These little plays became very popular with the people. The crowds were so large that the plays finally had to be performed in the churchyards, instead of inside the churches.

The performances were soon taken over by the guilds, organizations of the workers of the various trades, which corresponded somewhat to our modern labor unions. In every village of any size, each guild would take over the performance of some special story from the Bible. The Plasterers' Guild would enact the Creation of the World; the fishermen would do the Story of Jonah; the jewelers would play the Visit of the Wise Men to the Christ; the butchers would present the Crucifixion; and so on. Once every spring, usually in Corpus Christi week, all these plays would be presented to the people of the town. The expenses were all borne by the guilds, and the actors

were all amateurs; they were plasterers or butchers or fishermen, who once a year took part in the performance of these Bible stories, which were called *miracle plays*. They usually played on a wagon, or a platform on wheels, called a *pageant*. These pageants were moved around the village from one public square to another, so that by remaining at one place for the day, or for several days, a citizen could see all the plays.

It was natural that some of these amateur actors would like acting better than working at their regular trades. Gradually, some of these men began to form troupes of strolling players, which wandered around the country, performing in the public squares, in the castles of nobles, in the yards of public inns, or wherever they could get a crowd. At first they played parts of the miracle plays from their different towns, but gradually talented men among them began to write original plays. In this way professional actors and professional playwrights appeared in England. This development was, of course, a long process, taking several centuries. You will find many interesting details in some of the books listed on page 178.

In 1576, when Shakespeare was twelve years old, one group of these strolling players settled down in London and built the first building for the giving of plays. Their leader was a carpenter named James Burbage. They called their new building simply "The Theater." They called themselves the "Earl of Leicester's Men." The first groups of actors

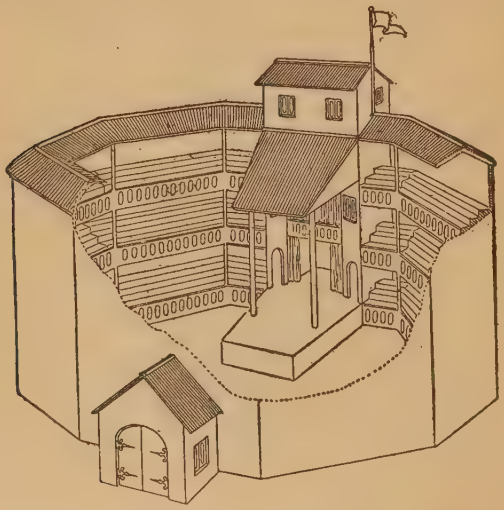
had made a bad name for themselves in wandering around the country, for they often begged or stole when occasion offered. Laws were, consequently, passed for the arrest of all "masterless men," and actors got around these laws by getting some nobleman to permit them to call themselves his servants.

The South Bank of the Thames with The Globe Theater at the Right. (From an old print, Visscher's View of London, published in 1616.)

The actors led by Burbage were, therefore, under the protection of the Earl of Leicester.

When Shakespeare came up to London seven or eight years after "The Theater" had been built, he soon joined the Earl of Leicester's men, and it was for them that most of his plays were written. Several other theaters were built by rival companies soon after

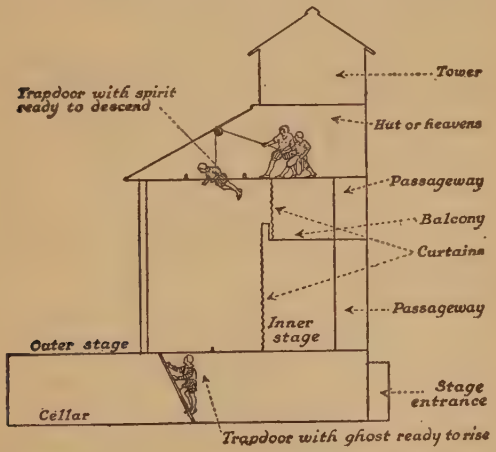
1576. In 1599, there was a lawsuit about the land on which "The Theater" was built, and the building was taken down. The material was moved across the river, and a new building was built, called "The Globe." Most of Shakespeare's greatest plays were first played at "The Globe." He was connected with



this theater as long as he lived. *Julius Cæsar* was performed there probably about 1601, although some authorities think the date was some five or six years later.

The pictures on pages 13, 14, and 15, give what is probably an accurate idea of what "The Globe" looked like. It was the balconied yard of an inn,

without the inn! Of all the places in which the strolling players had played, the inn yard had been the most convenient and the most comfortable; therefore, it was their model. As may be seen, "The Globe" was an octagonal building, open to the sky. It consisted of little more than three balconies, one over the other, with an open space in the center into which the



stage projected. The stage was about forty feet deep and chin high. The back part of the stage, as the pictures show, was divided from the front stage by curtains, and was called the inner stage. Two doors, one on each side of the curtains, led from the inner stage to the front stage. Over the inner stage was a curtained balcony, which was really a third part of the stage, for it was constantly used in performances.

The Performance at "The Globe"

The performance of any play at "The Globe" was very different from a modern dramatic performance.

In the first place, a large part of the audience stood up to see the play or sat on the ground. They surrounded the stage, in what was called the *pit*. The people with more money to spend had seats in the balcony. Going to the play was not altogether the respectable amusement it has since become, and ladies of rank would often go masked, so as to escape recognition. The audience was very rough. They did not hesitate to mistreat the actors if things did not please them, and riots were not uncommon in the theater.

In the second place, as there was no system of artificial lighting, the plays had to be given in the afternoon. If an Elizabethan gentleman wanted to go to the theater, but felt doubtful as to whether or not there would be a performance, owing to the threatening weather, he could send a servant out to look across the river to see if the theater flag was flying. The flag was raised only when there was to be a performance.

Another important point is that the actors were all men or boys. Women were not allowed to perform in the public theaters in England until after 1660. The parts of Portia and Calpurnia, therefore, and all of Shakespeare's other heroines, were first played by boys. Shakespeare undoubtedly knew in advance what particular boys were to play these parts, for his company was a "stock company." A number of

actors, including Shakespeare, formed the company and owned the theater. These fourteen or fifteen men had banded together to produce plays. Each of them owned stock, or had capital invested in the company. The stockholders controlled the policy of the company and were also the main actors. They purchased the plays, took the best parts themselves, and hired men and boys to take the minor parts and to do the work around the theater. The company was, therefore, more or less permanent. Shakespeare's main comic parts, for example, were played first by a man named Kempe, and afterwards by one named Armin; and critics think they see a difference in the kinds of comic parts Shakespeare wrote after Armin came into the company. The two men had different talents, and Shakespeare wrote so that each man could be seen to the best advantage.

The same is true of the other actors. The "star" of the company was Richard Burbage. As Richard was the son of the man who built "The Theater," it is probable that he had been on the stage from his childhood. Of course, he had inherited stock in the company. As Burbage grew older, the parts Shakespeare wrote for him grew older too. As a young man, he played Romeo and Orlando; as an old man, Prospero and King Lear. He probably played Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, for that seems to be the "star" part.

Shakespeare himself was an actor. He is believed to have played the Ghost in *Hamlet* and Adam in *As You Like It*. He was not a great actor, but appar-

ently he played parts that demanded a good voice and a pleasing personality. In *Julius Cæsar* he may have been one of the Senators or one of the Conspirators, or perhaps he was Lepidus. He probably would not have played Cassius, or Antony, or either of the Cæsars. Many other interesting facts about Shakespeare's actors may be found in Chapter X of Matthews's *Shakespeare as a Playwright* and Chapter XIII of Thorndike's *Shakespeare's Theater*.

These actors, quite regardless of the parts they were playing, dressed like the people of their own time. There was no attempt to represent historical accuracy in costuming. The boys who played Portia and Calpurnia dressed like Elizabethan ladies. Cæsar and Brutus and Antony resembled in appearance the gentlemen in the audience. So did Hamlet and Macbeth and Othello. When the conspirators come to visit Brutus in Act II, his servant says he cannot recognize them because

> . . . their hats are plucked about their ears,
> And half their faces buried in their cloaks.

Shakespeare is not interested in the fact that Romans did not usually wear hats and cloaks; Elizabethan conspirators did, which is the important fact. He constantly visualized, while writing, the performance on the stage of his theater.

As there were no lighting, no actresses, and no historical costuming, so, too, there was little scenery in the modern sense of the word. The action was

probably continuous, with one break, or at the most two, in the performance. The scenes followed one another without a pause. The curtain between the front and the inner stage was a very important part of the performance. It was constantly opened and closed between the scenes. In general, when the curtain was closed, the scene was supposed to be an exterior—a street, a public square, a field, or a garden. When the curtain was open, the scene showed a room in a house or a palace. Some simple properties, as chairs, a table, a bed, or a throne, helped to set the scene. But in general, the scene is set by the lines of the play. *Julius Cæsar* opens with the meeting between the two tribunes and the common people, and quite obviously the place is a street. The action is located also by the remark of Flavius to the second citizen:

> Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

This lack of scenery accounts for the long descriptions sometimes found in Shakespeare's plays. In Scene III of Act I, for example, Casca and Cicero help set the scene when they talk about the storm and the terrors of the night.

It is not always possible, however, to tell from the conversation where the scene is taking place, for Shakespeare has not always made up his mind. The conversation between the Triumvirs in Act IV, for instance, may be taking place anywhere. We know that it is somewhere in Rome because Antony sends Lepidus to Cæsar's house on an errand, and tells him

to return to the same place or to go to the Capitol. The setting for this scene, however, "A house in Rome," which is found in most modern editions, *was not written by Shakespeare.* Nor is the division of the play into scenes by Shakespeare. It is very doubtful if Shakespeare is responsible even for the division of his plays into acts. He considered them stories told by continuous action.

The two actors who edited the First Folio made the divisions in order to make Shakespeare's plays conform to the Greek and Roman drama that they knew. They always use the Latin terms, as *Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.* Their divisions are very inaccurate and often entirely missing. *Romeo and Juliet, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *Timon of Athens,* for example, have no indicated divisions whatsoever, although in each case "Act I, Scene I," appears in Latin at the beginning. In *Hamlet* there is indicated an Act I of three scenes; then comes Act II, Scene I, and Act II, Scene II, which includes, if we are to be guided by the First Folio, the entire remainder of the play! *Julius Cæsar* is divided into five acts, but no scenes are indicated. We owe those divisions to later editors. We owe the settings for these scenes, as "A street," and "Another part of the street," to Nicholas Rowe, whose edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1709. He was trying to make Shakespeare's plays suitable for the theater of his own day.

It would seem, then, that if we are to study Shakespeare's play as he wrote it, we should attempt to get

an idea of how it was performed at "The Globe" under the direction of the author by the company of actors for whom it was written.

Studying *Julius Cæsar*

There are at least two ways that we can reproduce in the classroom a performance that will be Shakespearean.

The first is to act the play mentally. As we read and study it, we can constantly consider it from the point of view of the original production. We can imagine the actors moving through their parts.

A second method, and perhaps a better one, is to go through the first stages of actual production. We can turn the class into an Elizabethan stock company. The parts may be assigned to the students who can best interpret them. Lines need not actually be memorized, but they should be known well enough so that the actors can move through their parts without being too much handicapped by their books. The actors should suggest the characters in every way they can: by their voices, their gestures, their manner of speaking and acting, and the way they walk. It is usually wise to have a stage director, who may be the teacher or one of the students. His duties are to keep the play going by telling the actors how to move, where to stand, and what to do. This is the process that real actors go through in preparing a play. They call it "walking through" the play.

The clear space in front of the classroom will usually

be large enough for a stage. A chalk line on the floor, if there is no curtain available, will divide it into an inner and an outer stage. Another chalk line may indicate the balcony, which is only an elevated third stage. An old table, or a platform of any sort, will be still better as the balcony. It need not be as high as the original balcony, to serve our purpose. From it Antony can address the mob. You must imagine the curtains opening and closing whenever they are necessary between the scenes. The actors should be careful to stay within the spaces representing the stages on which they are supposed to be playing.

To aid in such a performance, stage directions are added, in this edition, such as Shakespeare might have inserted had he thought them necessary. Possibly he did really write such directions, for they still exist in some plays in the First Folio. In *Cymbeline*, we find

> Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane army at one doore; and the Britaine army at the other.

In the second part of *King John*, we read

> Enter the two Kings with their powers, at seuerall doores.

And in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (in a scene which obviously is in the forest!), there is

> Enter the King of the Fairies at one doore, with his traine, and the Queen at another with hers.

Many other examples may be found, but in general, unfortunately, such directions have been omitted. In

the attempt to get an idea of the original performance, we are certainly justified in supplying them. Such stage directions are marked in this edition with brackets.

Another important point to be noticed is that the indications of the scene and the place are also interpolations, just as truly as any stage directions that are added. There is no sign of them in the First Folio, and they are entirely foreign to the stage of Shakespeare, so we might be justified in omitting them entirely. So that this edition may more easily be compared to others, however, these directions are reprinted.

If you will imagine or play *Julius Cæsar* in an approximately Elizabethan setting, you will be surprised at its speed and interest. You must not think that because Shakespeare's company lacked lighting facilities, historical costumes, and elaborate scenery, the play was dull. Quite the reverse is true! Most modern productions of *Julius Cæsar* are dull, because the play is usually rewritten so as to be almost unintelligible, and then swamped with elaborate scenic effects and long waits.

In the original play there is the feast of Lupercal with its crowds and games, the storm and the plotting of the conspirators, the meeting of the senators and the murder of Cæsar, and finally the great pitched battle at the close of the play ending in the defeat of the conspirators. This is usually ludicrous in the modern theater and entirely meaningless. But the London

apprentices standing around the stage of "The Globe" found it a stirring spectacle. There was no shifting of the scene from "The field of battle," to "Another part of the field," and again to still "Another part of the field." The entire stage *was* the battlefield. The actors rushed in and out! There were the shouts, cries, noises of fighting. Probably there were men stationed behind the stage to beat on armor and make sounds. All was action and excitement. The idea of battle was really presented. Finally this all died away into the victorious march of the men of Antony and Octavius, bearing out on their shields the dead hero, Brutus.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONY,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar*

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } *Senators*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
CINNA,
TREBONIUS
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar*

FLAVIUS,
MARULLUS, } *Tribunes*

ARTEMIDORUS *of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric*
CINNA, *a Poet*
ANOTHER POET
A SOOTHSAYER

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } *Friends to Brutus and Cassius*

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } *Servants to Brutus*

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE—ROME; SARDIS; *and near* PHILIPPI

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I

SCENE I

Rome. A street [1]

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS [*from one door*], *and a rabble of* Citizens [*from the other. The curtains are closed.*]

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring-day without the sign
Of your profession? [*Turning to one of the Citizens*]
Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

[1] Indications of the scene and the place were not in the original edition of the play. They have been added here because it is customary to print them in modern editions.

Words inclosed in brackets are added in this edition to give the student an idea of what the original performance was probably like. (See page 23.) It seems unnecessary to add such directions when the curtains are open, for entrances on the inner stage were not through the outer doors, but from one side or the other as best fitted the action, the same as on a modern stage.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
[*Turning to another Citizen*] You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

Exeunt Citizens [*by the door they entered*]

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about, 70
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*They leave by different doors.*]

SCENE II

The same. A public place

Enter, in procession [*through one of the doors*], *with music,* CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following; among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Music ceases.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. [*Coming forward*] Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

Ant. [*Stepping forward*] Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is performed.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Music [*starts again, and the procession prepares to move*].

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again.

Music ceases.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.

[*The citizens push the soothsayer forward.*]

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*The music starts, and the procession moves out the opposite door. Brutus and Cassius remain.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor cónstrue any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester: if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and shout

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Reënter CÆSAR *and his* Train [*by the door they went out*]

Bru. [*Aside to Cas.*] The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being crossed in conference by some senators.
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar?
Cæs. [*Aside to Ant., as they are crossing the stage, followed by procession*] Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæs. Would he were fatter:—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Exeunt Cæsar and his train [*by other door*]. *Casca stays.*

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced today,
That Cæsar looks so sad?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet, 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again:

but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he

said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; farewell both.

Exit [*in same direction as procession*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

Exit Brutus [*by one door*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard: but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit [*by other door*]

SCENE III

The same. A street

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides [*by doors*], CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides—I have not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noonday, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons,—they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time:
But men may cónstrue things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

Exit Cicero [by a door]

Enter CASSIUS *[by the other door]*

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But, if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formèd faculties,
To monstrous quality;—why you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: but I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait; He is a friend.

Enter CINNA [*at a door*]

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this! There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. O Cassius, if you could But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper. And look you lay it in the prætor's chair, Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this In at his window: set this up with wax Upon old Brutus' statue; all this done, Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us. Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

Exit Cinna [*by same door*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt [by same door]

ACT II

Scene I

Rome. Brutus's *orchard*

Enter Brutus [*at other door*]

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius [*by same door*]

Luc. Called you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord.

Exit [*by same door*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatched would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Reënter Lucius [*at same door*]

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus sealed up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

He gives Brutus the letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir.

Exit [*by same door*]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

He opens the letter and reads.

> Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
> Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!—
> Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!—

Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Reënter LUCIUS [*by same door*]

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Knocking within

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.

Exit Lucius [*by other door*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Reënter LUCIUS [*by door he went out*]

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter.

Exit Lucius [*by same door*]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none. Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS [*following* LUCIUS, *who leaves immediately by other door*]

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. [*Shaking his hand*] He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth: and yon gray lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. [*Coming forward from consultation with Cas.*] Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.
Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youth and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urged:—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flatterèd.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him;
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon us: we'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt all but Brutus

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA [*at door* BRUTUS *entered*]

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do:—good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,

And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them;
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

Knocking within. [*Lucius crosses stage to answer knocking.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will cónstrue to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Exit Portia [*by door she entered*]

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS [*by other door*]

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
[*To Luc., who leaves*] Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 327
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then.

Exeunt [by door Ligarius entered]

SCENE II

A room in CÆSAR'S *palace*

Thunder and lightning. [*Curtains open, showing room.*]
Enter CÆSAR *in his nightgown*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord.

Exit

Enter CALPURNIA

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;

And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Reënter Servant

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well:
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,

To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamèd I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, *and* Cinna

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will—[*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

Exeunt

SCENE III

A street near the Capitol

[*Curtains close.*] *Enter* ARTEMIDORUS [*by a door*], *reading a paper*

Art.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

Exit [*by opposite door*]

Scene IV

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus

Enter Portia *and* Lucius [*by a door*]

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well.
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer [*by other door*]

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Exit

Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exeunt [by opposite doors]

ACT III

SCENE I

Rome. The Capitol; the Senate sitting

[*Curtains open, showing Capitol.*] *A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them* ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* [*at one of the doors*] CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
He advances to Cæsar.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is addressed: press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar, [*Kneeling*]

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart—
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banished brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place;
So, in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other* Conspirators, *and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

He dies. The Senators *and people run out in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,—
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

THE ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR

From Mr. William Faversham's production of *Julius Cæsar*, 1912–1913. By courtesy of Mr. Faversham.

Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Reënter TREBONIUS

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So we are Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"
Cas. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.
Bru. Soft, who comes here?

Enter a Servant

A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
"Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
Say I feared Cæsar, honoured him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith." So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

Exit

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Reënter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—

Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;

But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am, moreover, suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside to Brutus*] You know not what you do; do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;

And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but Antony

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold

Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt, with Cæsar's body

SCENE II

The Forum

[*The curtains close.*] *Enter* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS [*from one door, followed by*] *a throng of* Citizens

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderèd
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them renderèd.

Exit Cassius with some of the Citizens. [*Brutus goes up into the balcony.*]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me

for mine honour: and have respect to mine honour that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony *and others* [*by the other door*], *with* Cæsar's *body* [*which they place in center of stage*]

BRUTUS ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS

From Mr. William Faversham's production of *Julius Cæsar*, 1912–1913. By courtesy of Mr. Faversham.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*He comes down from balcony, crosses stage, and goes out by the door he entered.*]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you.

[*Antony goes up into balcony.*]

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony; 150
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.
4 *Cit.* They were traitors: *honourable men!*
Citizens. The will! the testament!
2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, 160
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
Citizens. Come down.
2 *Cit.* Descend.

He comes down [*from the balcony*].

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.
1 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.
1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony—most noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart·
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold

ANTONY'S PROPHECY OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

From Mr. William Faversham's production of *Julius Cæsar*, 1912–1913.
By courtesy of Mr. Faversham.

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Cit.* O woeful day!
4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.
Citizens. Revenge! about!—seek!—burn!—fire!—kill!—slay!—let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 *Cit.* Peace there:—hear the noble Antony.
2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away, then; come, seek the conspirators!

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not—I must tell you, then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?
1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

Exeunt Citizens [through door] with the body

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—

Enter a Servant [*by the other door*]

How now, fellow?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

Exeunt [by the same door]

SCENE III

A street

Enter CINNA, *the Poet* [*by the other door*]

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens [*by the opposite door*]

1 *Cit.* What is your name?
2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?
2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.
1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.
3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'; away, go!

Exeunt [*dragging Cinna*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

A room in ANTONY'S *house*

[*Curtains open, showing*] ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol.

Exit Lepidus

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and trained and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretched out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answerèd.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

Exeunt

SCENE II

Before BRUTUS'S *tent, in the camp near Sardis*

[*Curtains close.*] *Drum. Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers [*by one door*]; TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS [*by the other*] *meet them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

March within

Bru. Hark, he is arrived:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers [*at door used by* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS]

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

1 *Sol.* Stand!
2 *Sol.* Stand!
3 *Sol.* Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

[*The commanders give orders, and soldiers of Cassius march off.*]

Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

[*Soldiers of Brutus march out.*]

Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door.

[*Brutus and Cassius go out one of the doors.*]

SCENE III

Within the tent of BRUTUS

[*The curtains open.*] BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *enter* [*upon rear stage*]

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not. though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bur. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Noise within

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS

Cas. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals: what do you mean?
Love and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!

Exit Poet

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.

Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Exit Lucius

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Reënter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Drinks

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Drinks

Reënter TITINIUS *and* MESSALA

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here receivèd letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. Farewell, good Messala;—

Exit Lucius

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Everything is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.

Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala

Reënter LUCIUS, *with the gown*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What? thou speak'st drowsily;
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius and some other of my men:
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Varro and Claudius lie down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might:
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Music and a song

This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see:—is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

He sits down.

Enter the Ghost *of* Cæsar

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me!—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well: then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.—

Ghost vanishes.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
Exeunt

ACT V

Scene I

The plains of Philippi

[*Curtains close.*] *Enter* Octavius, Antony, *and their army* [*at one door*]

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hill and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger [*at other door*]

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,

Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

March

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, *and their army;* Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *and others* [*at same door as* Messenger]

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! Hail, Cæsar!"
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Joined with a masker and a reveller!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

Exeunt Octavius, Antony, *and their army* [*at door they entered*]

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. My lord.

Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.

Cas. Messala,—
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius. [*Advancing*]
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determinèd to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Bru. Why, then lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

Exeunt [*following Antony and Octavius*]

SCENE II

The field of battle

Alarum. Reënter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side:

Loud alarum

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

Exeunt [*one at one door, one at the other*]

SCENE III

Another part of the field

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS [*at one door*]

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off.
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
Exit
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

Pindarus goes up [into balcony].

This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light: O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—[*Shout*] and hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus descends [from balcony].

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee.

He dies.

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Exit

Reënter TITINIUS [*at door he went out*] *with* MESSALA

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power.
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomèd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

Exit Messala [*at door he entered*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast miscónstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. 90

He dies.

Alarum. *Reënter* MESSALA [*at same door*], *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

Low alarums

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crowned dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.

[*Soldiers carry Cassius and Titinius on their shoulders, out one door.*]

Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt [*by other door*]

SCENE IV

Another part of the field

Alarum. *Enter, fighting,* Soldiers *of both armies* [*at both doors*]; *then* BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

He charges the enemy.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

Exit, charging the enemy [at door opposite one he entered]. Cato is overpowered, and falls.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius
And mayst be honoured, being Cato's son.
1 *Sol.* Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die;
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money*] Kill Brutus, and be honoured in his death.
1 *Sol.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 *Sol.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sol.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter Antony [*at door opposite to one used by* Brutus]

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced.

Exeunt [*at door Antony entered*]

SCENE V

Another part of the field

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS [*by opposite door*]

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius showed the torchlight: but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering*]
Cli. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'd rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers to him*]
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I'm sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit.
Low alarums
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
Alarum still
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon my eyes: my bones would rest,
That have but laboured to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within—"Fly, fly, fly!"

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

He runs on his sword, and dies.

Alarum; retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the army* [*by door* ANTONY *went out*]

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt [*carrying Brutus out on their shoulders*]

NOTES

Some critics have thought this tragedy incorrectly named, believing that it should be called *Marcus Brutus* rather than *Julius Cæsar*, because Brutus is obviously the central figure, and the person in whom the audience is chiefly interested. Several reasons, however, seem to justify Shakespeare in his choice. In the first place, Julius Cæsar is a much better known figure than is Brutus, and Shakespeare wanted a name that would attract an audience. Moreover, even though Cæsar enters in person but three times, the play is based on his influence on the lives of others. After his death, his spirit "walks abroad," as Brutus says. Notice the last words of Cassius and of Brutus. Finally, in the production on Shakespeare's stage, the fact that Cæsar was securing his revenge was probably emphasized by having the actor who played Julius Cæsar also play Octavius. This would help make the point that although Julius had been killed, the thing he had stood for was still alive in his nephew and heir.

ACT I

Scene I

This scene gives us the situation at the opening of the play. We learn that Cæsar is coming home to Rome in triumph. He is popular with the crowd, but he has enemies among the officials, as represented by Flavius and Marullus.

Page 27. 3. Mechanical. Mechanics and working people.
4. **The sign of your profession.** Your working clothes.
Page 28. 10. In respect of. In comparison with.
11. **A cobbler.** To the Elizabethans this word had two meanings: (1) a mender of shoes, and (2) a bungler, or a poor workman. The *Second Citizen* uses it purposely in this double sense to puzzle Marullus. In acting the play, he must appear to think he is a great wit, and the other citizens roar with laughter as he banters words with the tribunes.

15. **Soles.** A pun on *souls*. The *Second Citizen's* wit is not very subtle, but it was undoubtedly appreciated by the citizens, both those in the play, and those in the audience that surrounded the stage.

16. **Naughty.** Wicked. This is an interesting word, which has assumed a new meaning since Shakespeare's time.

17. **Be not out with me; yet, if you be out.** Another play on words. Notice the double meaning of "to be out."

24. **But withal I am,** etc. Some editors think this line should read: ". . . but with awl. I am, indeed, etc." The main thing to notice is that here is another pun on *withal* and *with awl*.

26. **Neat's-leather.** Cow's leather.

Page 29. 52. **Pompey's blood.** Remember that this Triumph being celebrated by Cæsar was for his victory, not over Pompey himself, who had been dead some time, but over Pompey's sons and friends. One of Pompey's sons had been killed in the battle.

Page 30. 65. **Disrobe the images.** Plutarch says, ". . . there were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems upon their heads like kings. These the two tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down."

68. **Feast of Lupercal.** A festival to celebrate the returning spring, held yearly on the 15th of February. Cæsar's Triumph had in reality occurred in the preceding October, but Shakespeare combines the Triumph and the offer of the crown for obvious dramatic reasons.

74. **Pitch.** A technical sporting term of Shakespeare's day, meaning the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars.

Remember that there was no pause between these two scenes in the original performance. Flavius and Marullus go out, and at once the music of the procession is heard in the distance. It comes nearer. Then the procession enters one of the doors and moves forward to the front of the stage. The citizens appear from everywhere and surround the procession.

In the original edition of *Julius Cæsar*, on which all others must be based, there is no trace of "Scene II," or "The Same. A public place." (See page 27.) Shakespeare conceived of the two scenes as continuous, growing one into the other. In this edition, we reprint the scene divisions and the place merely for the convenience of students who may wish to make comparisons, and who wish to investigate other editions. For the sake of getting an idea of the original performance they may be entirely neglected.

Scene II

Page 30. *Stage direction.* **Antony, for the course.** Some of the young men of the city ran about it as part of the magic ceremony that was to aid the return of spring.

Page 31. 11. **Sterile curse.** The curse of being barren, or having no children. Part of the superstition about the feast of the Lupercal was that if any of the young men running the holy course struck, with leather thongs that they carried, a Roman woman, she would have a child. This is what Cæsar tells Antony to do. The dramatic value of this incident is great. It lends color to Cæsar's enemies, who point out that he longs for a son and heir because he expects to establish a dynasty

19. **Ides of March.** The 15th of the month.

Page 32. 31. **Quick spirit.** Lively mind.

36. **As.** That.

37. **You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand.** This figure is borrowed from horsemanship. *Strange* is used in the sense of unfamiliar.

42. **Passions of some difference.** Emotions that conflict with one another.

43. **Conceptions . . . to myself.** Ideas that concern myself only.

44. **Soil.** Tarnish.

Page 33. 51. **By means whereof.** Because of this misunderstanding.

56. **Just.** True.

73. **Be not jealous on me.** Be not suspicious of me.

74. **Laugher.** Jester.—**Or did use.** Were accustomed.

75. **To stale.** Make stale or common.

Page 34. 78. **After.** Afterwards.—**Scandal.** Speak evil of.

79. **Profess myself.** Make professions of affection.

Stage direction. **Flourish and shout.** A *flourish* is a sound of trumpets. Notice how Shakespeare keeps before us the idea of Cæsar and people, and also how cleverly Cassius uses the effect that these noises produce on Brutus.

89. **Indifferently.** Impartially.

90. **Speed.** Cause me to prosper.

93. **Outward favour.** Personal appearance.

Page 35. 111. **Hearts of controversy.** Controversial hearts, or hearts full of resistance.

114. **Æneas.** Son of Anchises and Venus. At the sack and burning of Troy, he carried off his old father, Anchises, on his

shoulders. Æneas then wandered until he finally settled in Italy. The Romans regarded him as their ancestor.

124. **Colour fly.** Become white.

125. **Bend.** Glance.

126. **His.** Its. The common use of *its* as the neuter possessive did not come into the language until some years after Shakespeare's time. We often find *his* where we think *its* necessary.

132. **Get the start.** The metaphor is from foot-racing, as is **bear the palm** in the next line.

Page 36. 138. **Colossus.** The *Colossus* at Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world. It was an immense bronze statue that, according to tradition, spanned the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes, the chief city in the island of Rhodes, in the Ægean Sea. Ships entering the harbor had to sail between the legs of this statue. It was 105 feet high, and was ascended by a winding staircase. The name of this statue became a generic name for any very large statue; and hence, too, the meaning of the word *colossal*.

142. **Our stars.** The old superstition was that our fates depended upon the state of the stars when we were born.

148. **Conjure.** Try to raise the dead by means of the names, as ancient conjurers pretended to do.

158. **Rome indeed, and room.** The Elizabethans said *room* for Rome. Cassius is making a pun upon the word.

161. **Brutus.** Junius Brutus led the revolt against the Roman kings. Marcus Brutus was supposed to be one of his descendants.

162. **Eternal.** With perpetual dominion.—**State.** Court, or position of ruler.

Page. 37. 164. **Nothing jealous.** Not at all doubtful.

173. **Chew upon this.** Ruminate, or ponder deeply.

188. **Ferret.** Ferret-like eyes, keen and red.

Page 38. 199. **Well given.** Well disposed.

211. **Whiles.** An old English form, meaning *as long as*.

Page 39. 220. **Sad.** Grave with thought.

Page 40. 247. **Rabblement.** The rabble, or mob.

257. **Falling-sickness.** Epilepsy. Notice Cassius's cleverness again, in catching up and turning this remark.

266. **Marry.** A weak form of the Christian oath, "By the Virgin, Mary." Notice that this word could not have been used by Casca, but Shakespeare again shows his carelessness about historical perspective.

268. **Plucked me ope his doublet.** The *me* in this passage

adds little to the modern reader. It is called the ethical dative, and was commonly used in Shakespeare's time. Notice its use in the opening scene of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

270. **Of any occupation.** A practical man, a doer. Here Casca sneers at himself and his trifling. This helps to emphasize his pose.

Page 41. 288. **It was Greek.** Quite unintelligible. Of course, Casca must, like all the educated Romans, have understood Greek. Shakespeare is making a play on the words and not worrying about their accuracy.

296. **And your mind hold.** And if you do not change your mind.

Page 42. 301. **Quick mettle.** A lively fellow.

304. **Tardy form.** Appearance of laziness.

312. **Think of the world.** Consider the present state of things.

320. **He should not humour me.** This is one of the most difficult passages in the play. Critics disagree as to whether *he* refers to Brutus or to Cæsar. In the first case, the passage means: He (Brutus) should not then influence me, as I have been influencing him. According to the second possibility, the meaning is: He (Cæsar) would not be able to humor me by honors and flattery, so as to influence me and make me forget my principles, as he has been making Brutus forget his.

321. **Hands.** Kinds of handwriting.

327. **Endure.** We will either get rid of him or endure worse days in suffering the consequences of our failure.

Scene III

The actors must play this scene rapidly, and must "act out" the storm and the darkness. Probably, even in the Elizabethan theater, thunder was made all during the scene. The atmosphere is important.

Page 43. 1. **Brought you,** etc. Did you escort Cæsar to his home? It is difficult to place the time of this scene. Taken in connection with what has gone before, this line might be understood to mean "home from the Lupercalia," but as the next day proves to be the ides of March, one month later, it must be understood that Casca was attending Cæsar home from some other function.

8. **Be exalted with.** Raised as high as.

20. **Against the Capitol.** Opposite the Capitol.

Page 44. 26. **The bird of night.** The owl.

30. **These are their reasons,** etc. That such and such are their reasons. The passage means: Let not men try to explain that this or that is the cause of these occurrences, as though they were natural, for the occurrences are supernatural and cannot be explained.

31. **They are portentous things.** They are things of portent, or evil omen.

32. **Climate.** Country, or region of the earth. In Shakespeare's time, climate had not yet come to refer to differences in temperature.

34. **Cónstrue things . . . fashion.** Explain things in their own way.

41. Cassius and Casca must act as though they had difficulty in seeing one another, to indicate to the audience that they are meeting at night.

Page 45. 48. **Unbracèd.** With my doublet unbuttoned. Shakespeare is thinking, as always, of the costume of his own time.

60. **Case yourself.** Dress yourself.

64. **From quality and kind.** Contrary to their real nature.

65. **Fool.** Play the fool.—**Calculate.** Reason.

68. **Monstrous quality.** The quality of monsters.

71. **Some monstrous state.** A monstrous, or abnormal, condition.

Page 46. 83. **Sufferance.** What we endure.

Page 47. 113. **My answer must be made.** I shall be called to account for my words.

116. **Fleering.** Jeering. Notice that the true Casca comes out only in times of stress like this, when the conditions are such that Casca forgets his pose for the moment.

117. **Be factious,** etc. If you will get up a faction, or a party, to redress these grievances, I will, etc.

127. **The element.** The air.

128. **In favour.** In appearance.

Page 48. 130. **Stand close.** Keep out of sight.

136. **I am glad on't.** A reply to Cassius's first remark, that Casca is one of their party.

ACT II

Scene I

The storm continues. This helps to emphasize the struggle in the soul of Brutus.

Page 50. 10. **It.** The delivery of Rome from the tryanny of Cæsar.

11. **Spurn at.** Be angry at.

12. **For the general.** For the people.

Page 51. 19. **Remorse.** Compassion, or pity.

21. **Common proof.** A matter of common experience.

29. **Will bear no colour,** etc. Since the complaint can have no reasonable excuse in what he (Cæsar) is at present, let us put it this way, etc.

Page 52. 44. **Exhalations.** Meteors. Shakespeare again reminds us that it is night, and a night of mysterious happenings. The meteors make it so bright that Brutus can see to read.

52. **One man's awe.** Awe of one man.

57. **If the redress will follow.** Notice how this speech reflects the character of Brutus. He indicates that what causes him to hesitate is doubt as to whether or not redress, or relief, will follow. If he could convince himself on this point, he would act, regardless of the consequences to himself.

Page 53. 64. **First motion.** First impulse to do a thing.

66. **The genius and the mortal instruments.** The mind and the powers of the body.

70. **Brother Cassius.** Cassius had married Brutus's sister, Tertia.

72. **Moe.** More.

76. **Favour.** Feature.

77. **Faction.** Band of conspirators.

78. **Sham'st thou.** Art thou ashamed.

Page 54. 83. **Path.** Take the path, or walk openly abroad.

84. **Erebus.** One of the divisions of Hades, or the under world, in Greek mythology.

85. **From prevention.** From being found out.

86. **Are too bold upon your rest.** Are too bold in thus intruding upon your rest.

Page 55. 104. **Fret.** Break the edges. This conversation has two dramatic purposes: (1) it occupies the other conspirators while Brutus and Cassius are whispering together at one side

of the stage; (2) it reminds the audience that they must begin to imagine the coming of day.

115. **The face of men, the sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse.** The looks of men, the sufferings of our souls, the corruption of the times.

116. **Betimes.** Immediately.

117. **Idle bed.** Bed of idleness.

118. **High-sighted tyranny.** Tyranny with lofty looks.

119. **Drop by lottery.** Fall by the determination of the tyrant.

126. **Palter.** Use trickery.

127. **Engaged.** Pledged.

129. **Swear,** etc. Let priests swear, etc.—**Cautelous.** Deceitful.

Page 56. 133. **Even.** Calm.

134. **Insuppressive.** That cannot be subdued.

150. **Break with him.** Break open what is in our minds to him. This use of break was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time.

Page 57. 164. **Envy.** Malice.

169. Are the conspirators able to " come by " Cæsar's spirit? Notice the last act.

180. **Purgers.** Purifiers.

Page 58. 187. **Take thought.** An old English expression, meaning give way to sorrow and despondency.

188. **That were much.** That would be much for him to do.

196. **Main.** Strong. This is an old English word that many people still use in the expression " Might and main " without knowing what it means.

197. **Fantasy.** Imagination.—**Ceremonies.** Religious rites.

204. **Unicorns . . . betrayed with trees,** etc. These devices are described by Pliny. In order to capture the unicorn (rhinoceros, or rather monoceros), the hunter ran behind a tree, against which the animal rushed violently, so that his horn stuck in the tree. A mirror was placed before the bear; and while he gazed on it, the hunter was enabled to take sure aim. Elephants were betrayed into holes slightly covered.

206. **Toils.** Nets.

Page 59. 218. **By him.** To his house.

225. **Put on.** Betray.

227. **Formal constancy.** Dignified self-possession.

Page 60. 250. **Humour.** Caprice or whim.

253. **Shape.** Personal appearance.

254. **Condition.** Mental state.

255. **Dear my lord.** This sort of expression is very common. *My lord* is thought of as a single word, modified by *dear*.
261. **Physical.** According to the laws of physic, i.e., healthful.
262. **Humours.** Moist air.
Page 61. 266. **Rheumy and unpurged.** The air tending to rheumatism and unpurified.
271. **I charm you.** I conjure, or entreat you.
275. **Heavy.** Sad.
276. **Have had resort to.** Have come to visit.
283. **In sort or limitation.** In some ways and within certain bounds.
285. **Suburbs.** Outskirts.
Page 62. 307. **Engagements.** Pledges.—**Cónstrue.** Explain.
308. **Charactery.** Lines of thought.
313. **Vouchsafe.** Deign to accept.
Page 63. 315. **Wear a kerchief.** It was a common practice in England in Shakespeare's time for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads.
323. **Exorcist.** A magician.
324. **Mortified.** Dead.

Scene II

The plot being completed, we now turn to the victim. The actors must bring out the contrast between the relationship of Brutus and Portia and that of Cæsar and Calpurnia, for Shakespeare certainly intended to emphasize that point at this place in the play.

Page 64. 5. **Present.** Immediate.
16. **Watch.** Watchmen who patrolled the streets.
Page 65. 22. **Hurtled.** Clashed.
25. **Use.** Custom.
Page 67. 89. **Tinctures.** Memorial blood stains.—**Cognizance.** Badges of honor.
Page 68. 96. **Mock.** Taunt, or sneering remark.
97. **Apt to be rendered.** Likely to be made.
103. **To your proceeding.** For your career.
104. **And reason to my love is liable.** My reasoning power, where you are concerned, is overcome by my love for you.
Page 69. 128. **That every like,** etc. The heart of Brutus grieves that he cannot accept Cæsar's remark, *like friends*, as he used to, before he was determined to kill Cæsar.

Scene III

This little incident shows the audience that the plot is discovered, or at least suspected, by Artemidorus. It should create doubt as to the ultimate success of the conspiracy.

8. **Lover.** Friend.
Page 70. 12. **Emulation.** Jealousy.

Scene IV

The actions of Portia lend another element of doubt as to the success of the plot. In her unstrung condition, it must appear that her excited actions may give the plot away. Brutus has told the secret to Portia, and her excitement and distraction help to excite the audience.

6. **Constancy.** Firmness of purpose.
Page 71. 18. **Bustling rumour.** Great noise.
Page 72. 37. **Void.** Open.

ACT III

Scene I

Now comes the consummation of the plot, and as the conspirators first appear with Cæsar, they must be sure to show their nervous tension. He is entirely unconscious, of course, that anything is wrong, but the audience must be made to feel the suspense that animates the scene.

Page 73. 3. **Schedule.** A paper written on.
8. **Served.** Attended to.
Notice the number of incidents inserted to make the audience think that the conspiracy may fail even now, as the words of the Soothsayer, the letter of Artemidorus, and the remark of Popilius.
21. **Cassius or Cæsar,** etc. I will either succeed in killing Cæsar, or I will kill myself.
22. **Constant.** Firm.
28. **Presently prefer.** Instantly present.
29. **Addressed.** Ready.
Page 75. 38. **Pre-ordinance and first decree.** What has been previously ordained, and what has been decreed at first.

39. **Fond.** Foolish.
41. **True quality.** Proper disposition of things.
43. **Low-crooked.** Low bendings of the knee.
51. **Repealing.** Calling back from exile.
54. **Freedom of repeal.** Liberty to come back.
57. **Enfranchisement.** Freedom from banishment.

Page 76. 67. **Apprehensive.** Endowed with apprehension, or intelligence.

69. **Holds on his rank.** Keeps his place.
75. **Bootless.** To no purpose.
77. **Et, tu, Brute!** And you too, Brutus! These words seem to have no historical basis, but they occur in old English plays and poems, and probably Shakespeare felt that the audience had learned to expect them at this point.
80. **Common pulpits.** The rostra in the Forum, from which orators spoke to the people.

Page 77. 86. **Confounded.** Dazed.

91. **Nor to no.** Nor to any. The double negative was still quite common in the English of Shakespeare's day, as other passages in this play show.
94. **Abide this deed.** Await the consequences of this act.
101. **Stand upon.** Trouble about.
107. **And let us bathe,** etc. It was an ancient religious custom to bathe the hands in the blood of the sacrifice; this action, then, shows the religious spirit that animates Brutus.

Page 78. 116. **Pompey's basis.** The pedestal of Pompey's statue. In reality Cæsar was killed at the Curia of Pompey. There was no statue of Pompey at the Capitol, but Shakespeare does not hesitate to put one there. By his time, the tradition was firmly established in England, that the Capitol was the scene of the assassination.
132. **Resolved.** Informed.

Page 79. 137. **Untrod state.** The unknown future upon which we are entering.
146. **My misgiving,** etc. My presentiment of evil always turns out very much to the purpose.
153. **Rank.** Too full of blood.

Page 80. 159. **Reek.** Steam.
160. **Live a thousand years.** If I were to live, etc.
161. **Apt.** Ready. Is Antony merely talking here, or does he really for the minute mean what he says?
175. **In strength of malice.** In the intensity of their hatred for Cæsar's tyranny.
178. **Your voice,** etc. Compare the preceding remarks of Brutus with this speech of Cassius.

182. **Deliver.** Tell.

Page 81. 193. **Conceit me.** Think of me. Shakespeare never uses *conceit* in the modern sense.

197. **Dearer.** More keenly.

205. **Bayed.** Brought to bay.

207. **Signed in thy spoil.** Having the stains of thy blood as their badges. *Spoil* is supposed to be a hunting term for the captured prey.—**Lethe.** Death. Possible also a hunting term for the deer's life-blood.

208. **Hart . . . heart.** A play on words quite incongruous with the situation from the modern point of view. Some critics have doubted t e genuineness of these lines.

214. **Modesty.** Moderation.

Page 82. 217. **Pricked in.** Marked, by a puncture in the paper opposite the name.

219. **Therefore.** For that purpose.

225. **Regard.** Consideration.

231. **Order.** Formal ceremony.

Page 83. 244. **Fall.** Happen.

265. **Cumber.** Lie heavy on.

Page 84. 270. **With custom.** By the usualness.

272. **Até.** The Goddess of Mischief.

274. **Havoc.** An old military command, which meant that no quarter was to be given. To give this command was the prerogative of the monarch.

284. **Passion.** Great emotion.

Scene II

In spite of the fact that this is Antony's great scene, the acting honors may well go to the mob, for on the success with which their reaction is shown depends the success or failure of the scene. Even those citizens who have not a word to say have the very important duty of reflecting all the action.

Page 85. 10. **Severally.** Separately.

Page 86. 16. **Censure.** Pass judgment.

28. **There is,** etc. Agreement in number between subject and verb was not as settled a part of grammar in Shakespeare's time as it is today.

32. **Rude.** Brutal.

40. **The question,** etc. The reason for his death is a matter of solemn official record in the books of the Senate at the Capitol.

41. **Extenuated.** Lessened.

42. **Enforced.** Exaggerated.

Page 87. 53. **Let him be Cæsar.** Note the slight understanding that the citizens show for what Brutus has been telling them. They cannot understand how much Brutus objects to the *idea* of Cæsar.

60. **Grace.** Respect.

Page 88. 66. **Chair.** The public "pulpit."

68. **Beholding.** Indebted.

77. **To bury Cæsar.** In Rome, long before Cæsar's time, bodies were burned; but Shakespeare is thinking of the English customs of his own day, here as throughout the play.

83. **Answered.** Atoned, or paid for.

Page 89. 92. **The general coffers.** Public treasury.

Page 90. 117. **Abide it.** Suffer for it.

134. **Which, pardon me,** etc. What are Antony's real thoughts as he makes this statement?

136. **Napkins.** Used interchangeably with handkerchiefs in Shakespeare's time.

140. **Issue.** Children.

Page 91. 153. **I have o'ershot myself.** I have gone too far.

Page 92. 175. **The Nervii.** An appeal to the Romans' patriotism. The battle with the Nervii was one of the most desperate in which Cæsar had ever engaged, for until Cæsar's time this fierce tribe had been unconquered.

181. **To be resolved.** To be informed.

191. **Which all the while,** etc. "He was driven . . . against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain." Plutarch's *Cæsar.*

196. **Dint.** Force, or power.

Page 93. 206. **Revenge! about!** etc. These words must not be spoken by the citizens in unison, but shouted out by different ones.

214. **Griefs.** Grievances.

Page 94. 244. **Seventy-five drachmas.** Nearly fifteen dollars.

Page 95. 272. **Belike.** Probably.

Scene III

Shakespeare is not content to have the audience imagine the madness and cruelty of the enraged citizens; he insists on our seeing these things in the wanton murder of the innocent poet, Cinna.

Page 96. 2. **Charge my fantasy.** Fill my imagination.

ACT IV

Scene I

This scene seems to be inserted to make certain that we are not deceived by Antony. As our real sympathy must be kept for Brutus, Shakespeare emphasizes here the cold-blooded ruthlessness of Antony and his associates.

Page 98. 6. **Damn him.** Condemn him to death.
9. **Charge.** Expense.
Page 99. 14. **Three-fold world.** Europe, Asia, and Africa.
30. **Appoint.** Assign, or give.
32. **To wind.** To turn about.
33. **His corporal motion.** The movements of his body.
34. **Taste.** Sense.
38. **Staled.** Made common.
39. **Begin his fashion.** Are the beginning of a new fashion with him.
40. **Property.** Tool, or something to be used.
Page 100. 42. **Levying powers.** Raising troops.
48. **At the stake.** A metaphor taken from the sport of bear-baiting, common in Shakespeare's day. The bear was tied to a stake, and dogs were made to worry it.

Scene II

After seeing the moral condition of the triumvirs, we are shown the moral earnestness and the uprightness of Brutus. He may be mistaken, Shakespeare seems to say, but he means well. That is what we are not allowed to forget.

7. **In his own change.** By the change of his formerly virtuous nature.
Page 101. 16. **Instances.** Tokens.
23. **Hot at hand.** Hard to be kept in hand.
26. **Jade.** A worthless horse.
Page 102. 40. **Sober form.** Calm appearance.
41. **And when you do them**—What is Cassius about to add? Perhaps, that wrongs done so calmly by men like Brutus are resented all the more
42. **I do know you well.** We are too intimate with one another to quarrel here so openly and seriously.
48. **Charges.** Troops.

This scene is but a prologue to the next, which must follow it without pause. On Shakespeare's stage, Brutus and Cassius merely walked out one of the doors to the inner stage which represented the tent of Brutus. The curtains opened, and the action continued without break.

Scene III

Page 103. 2. **Noted.** Branded with disgrace.
8. **Nice.** Insignificant.—**His.** Its.
10. **Condemned to have.** Condemned for having.
11. **Mart.** Trade.
Page 104. 30. **To hedge me in.** To put me under restraint.
32. **To make conditions.** To control the offices at my disposal.—**Go to.** An exclamation of impatience.
36. **Health.** Safety.
47. **The venom of your spleen.** The poison of your rage.
Page 106. 75. **Indirection.** Dishonest practice.
80. **Rascal counters.** Worthless money. *Counters* were round pieces of metal used in calculations.
97. **Conned by rote.** Learned by heart.
Page 107. 101. **Plutus'.** The God of Riches.
107. **Scope.** Full play.
108. **Dishonour shall be humour.** Even a dishonorable action shall be regarded as a mere passing feeling.
111. **Enforcèd.** Struck hard.
112. **Straight.** At once.
119. **Rash humour.** Quick temper.
Page 108. 134. **I'll know his humour,** etc. I will make allowances for his humor, when he chooses the proper time to exercise it.
135. **Jigging.** Riming.
136. **Companion.** Fellow.
Page 110. 165. **Call in question.** Examine.
170. **Bending their expedition.** Directing their march.
Page 111. 189. This second description of the death of Portia is difficult to reconcile with the first. Probably the best explanation is that this second version crept into the play by some error in copying and should be omitted. Lines 182 to 196 may be dropped out of the play without great loss.
194. **In art.** In theory. Cassius professes to be as much of a stoic as Brutus, but he fears he could not live up to that philosophy so well.
196. **Alive.** With the living.

201. **Offence.** Injury.
207. **By them.** Through their country.
Page 112. 221. **Bound in shallows.** Hemmed in by sandbanks.
224. **Ventures.** What we have ventured.
228. **Niggard with.** Supply sparingly with.
Page 113. 241. **O'er-watched.** Worn out with watching.
251. **Otherwise bethink me.** Change my mind.
Page 114. 267. **Murderous slumber,** etc. Murderous slumber is conceived of as a bailiff touching Lucius with his *mace*, or staff of office, in token of arrest.
Page 115. 275. According to Plutarch it was a "wonderful strange and monstrous shape of body" that appeared to Brutus, and not the "Ghost of Cæsar." Notice how much more dramatic Shakespeare's version is.—**How ill this taper burns.** Shakespeare's original audience knew that lights grew dim, or burned blue, at the approach of specters.
280. **Stare.** Stand on end.
Page 116. 306. **Set on his powers betimes.** Set his troops in motion early.

ACT V

This entire act represents the battle. It must be played with speed and dash. There must be no intermissions or waits. The excitement of the audience must be kept at the highest pitch.

Scene I

Page 117. 1. **Our hopes,** etc. What we hoped for has taken place.
4. **Battles.** Troops.
5. **Warn.** Challenge.
7. **I am in their bosoms.** I understand their inmost thoughts.
10. **Fearful.** Bravery that they hope will produce fear in us.—**Face.** Display.
Page 118. 19. **Exigent.** Emergency.
20. **I will do so.** This line seems to be ambiguous. It may mean, "I will do as you wish and keep on the left"; or "I will not cross you now, but I will do so later."
24. **Answer on their charge.** Attack them when they attack us.
25. **Make forth.** Move forward.
33. **Posture.** Direction. This is Octavius's first battle.

34. **Hybla.** A town in Sicily famous for its honey.

Page 119. 46. **This tongue,** etc. Remember that Cassius wished to kill Antony along with Cæsar.

53. **Another Cæsar.** Himself, Octavius. Shakespeare does not want the audience to forget that the spirit of Cæsar is still alive.

58. **Strain.** Race.

Page 120. 65. **Stomachs.** Inclinations.

75. **Held Epicurus strong.** Believed strongly in the doctrines of Epicurus, that happiness is the highest and best thing in life; also, that the gods are indifferent to the fate of men, so that omens and visions are not inspired, but are illusions.

77. **Presage.** Foreshadow future events.

78. **Former.** Foremost.

81. **Consorted.** Attended.

Page 121. 90. **Very constantly.** With greatest firmness.

103. **Prevent,** etc. Anticipate the end of life by killing himself.

105. **Stay.** Await.

At the end of this scene, the soldiers of Brutus and Cassius march out as to battle, and the noise of fighting must immediately be heard. After a moment or two, Brutus and Messala rush in for the next scene, which should be played very rapidly. At its close, Brutus rushes out one door, as though back to the battle, and Messala hastens out the other.

Scene II

Page 122. 1. **Bills.** Written directions.

Again the noise of battle must break out behind the scene. Then Cassius and Titinius come in by the door opposite to the one where Brutus went out. They have been fighting, and Cassius carries a standard, probably a bronze eagle such as the Roman legions used.

Scene III

Page 123. 3. **Ensign.** Standard-bearer.

4. **It.** The standard.

7. **Fell to spoil.** Began to plunder.

19. **With a thought.** Quick as a thought.

21. **Thick.** Dim.

Page 124. 25. **His compass.** Its revolution.

38. **Swore thee.** Made thee swear.
41. **Be.** In the sense of *become.*
Page 125. 51. **Change.** Exchange. What they had lost on one side they had gained on the other.
68. **Apt.** Easily impressed.
Page 127. 96. **Own proper.** A common expression, meaning merely *our own.*
101. **Fellow.** Equal.

Some of Brutus's soldiers carry out the body of Cassius by one door, while Brutus and the others rush out the other door. Immediately the sounds of fighting must break forth again. As a matter of fact, this first battle of Philippi, in which Cassius killed himself, was followed by a rest of twenty days, after which the second battle was fought, in which Brutus was finally overthrown. Shakespeare combines the two battles for obvious dramatic reasons.

Scene IV

Page 128. 12. **Only I yield,** etc. I yield only if you will kill me.
Page 129. 32. **Is chanced.** Has happened.

The noise of the battle gradually dies down. Brutus and his friends straggle in. They must show by their despair and weariness that the battle has gone against them.

Scene V

Page 131. 45. **Respect.** Reputation.
46. **Smatch.** Taste.
Page 132. 60. **Entertain them.** Take them into my service.
62. **Prefer.** Recommend.
79. **The field.** The army in the field.
80. **Part.** Share.

The soldiers of Antony and Octavius place Brutus on their shields and march out with him.

QUESTIONS ON *JULIUS CÆSAR*

1. What is the appropriateness of the title "Julius Cæsar" in this play? Would "Marcus Brutus," or "The Conspirators," or some other title be better?

2. The dramatic hero of a play is the person in whom the audience is most interested. He may be a villain as in *Macbeth* or *Othello*. Who is the dramatic hero in this play?

3. If the dramatic hero succeeds, the play is a comedy; if he fails, it is a tragedy. Is *Julius Cæsar* a tragedy or a comedy? Why?

4. In almost every play there is, at the beginning, some scene explaining the situation, so that the audience will understand what has gone before. This part of the play is called the exposition. What is the exposition in *Julius Cæsar?* Is it appropriate and convincing, or does it seem to be dragged in merely for the sake of the audience?

5. By what steps in his argument does Cassius win Brutus over to the conspiracy? Does he show a knowledge of human nature by the process, or not?

6. What is foreshadowed by the frequent reference in the early part of the play to the *Ides of March?*

7. What does the soliloquy of Brutus in his garden

the night before the conspirators' visit show about his character?

8. What kind of woman is Portia? How does she add to our knowledge of Brutus?

9. Contrast the scenes between Brutus and Portia and those between Cæsar and Calpurnia. What do they show about all four characters?

10. Shakespeare creates suspense in the scenes leading up to the murder of Cæsar by pointing out three or four little incidents that may lead to the disclosure of the conspiracy. What are these incidents?

11. How are the characters of Brutus and Cassius contrasted by their words and actions immediately after the death of Cæsar?

12. By what steps does Antony change the feelings of the people as his speech progresses? To what various emotions does his speech appeal?

13. How may the speeches of Brutus and Antony be contrasted as to form, substance, sincerity, and effect on the people? Do the speeches reflect the characters of the two orators?

14. How is your opinion of Antony affected by his speech after the citizens rush out, and by the interview between the triumvirs at the beginning of Act IV?

15. What is the main purpose of the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius? Is any deterioration apparent in the character of the two men?

16. In the original account of the ghost scene in Plutarch's *Lives*, Shakespeare's source for the play, it is not Cæsar's ghost that appears to Brutus, but only

Brutus's "evil spirit." Does the change made by Shakespeare make the incident more or less dramatic? Why?

17. The outcome of events shows that the conspirators made several mistakes: 1st, they did not take Cicero into the conspiracy; 2d, they did not kill Antony along with Cæsar; 3d, they allowed Antony to deliver Cæsar's funeral oration; and 4th, they marched on to Philippi to meet the army of Octavius and Antony, instead of waiting at Sardis. Who is responsible for all these steps? What light is thus shed on his character?

18. In most plays there is some scene or some situation that is called the *climax*. The climax is the turning point of the play. If the play is a tragedy, usually the fortunes of the dramatic hero rise to the highest point at the climax, and thereafter they decline. What is the climax of *Julius Cæsar?*

19. Does Brutus ever show any regret over the killing of Cæsar, or any tendency to question the righteousness of the act? What does this show about his character?

20. What evidence can you find to prove that Brutus was a better man than Cassius, and a worse conspirator?

21. The character of Cæsar presented a real problem to Shakespeare in this play. If he makes Cæsar a great and good man, the audience will sympathize entirely with him and will hate the conspirators; if he makes Cæsar too weak and uninteresting, the

audience will feel that there is little reason for the conspirators to fear him. How does Shakespeare solve this problem? What things make you feel that Cæsar was great, and what things make him seem little?

22. Do you think that Cassius was motivated entirely by his jealousy of Cæsar, or do you find evidence that he was really a sincere upholder of the republic?

23. In what way does Cæsar remain an active principle in the last part of the play?

24. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare continues the historical story of Antony and Octavius, telling of their quarrel and of the victory of Octavius. Is there in *Julius Cæsar* any indication of the future relations of Antony and Octavius?

25. Judging by his treatment of the mob in this play, what do you think must have been Shakespeare's attitude toward the common people? How well does he know them?

APPENDIX

The Characters of the Play

Julius Cæsar. The actor who plays the part of Cæsar faces the same difficulty that Shakespeare faced in creating the part. If Cæsar is made too magnetic and powerful, he will steal the interest of the audience, which should belong to the conspirators; if he is too weak and feeble, there will seem to be but little cause for the conspiracy. Shakespeare solves the problem by letting us hear of Cæsar's greatness, but by giving us little first-hand evidence of it. In the play he is deaf in one ear, he has the "falling sickness," he is superstitious, bombastic, and boastful. Yet Brutus, whose every word we believe, calls Cæsar "the foremost man in all the world"; and Cassius compares Cæsar to

> this dreadful night,
> That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
> As doth the lion in the Capitol.

Antony, who we must remember is Cæsar's friend, says that he is

> . . . the noblest man
> That ever lived in the tide of time.

Then, too, there is a royal dignity about some of Cæsar's own speeches. Although he boasts that he is

as dangerous as Danger, he also says those fine lines beginning:

> Cowards die many times before their deaths.

When Calpurnia urges him to send a lie to the Senate, he rebukes her:

> Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
> To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth?

To the urging of Artemidorus that he read his suit first because it ". . . . touches Cæsar nearer," Cæsar makes a reply that is at once kingly and bombastic:

> What touches us ourself shall be last served.

And there is that final scene in which he stands at bay bravely. To give this double impression will task any actor.

Cæsar was, at the time of his assassination, fifty-eight years of age. He must have a sonorous voice, and he must be able to show by his manner that he has commanded men since his boyhood.

Octavius Cæsar. At the death of his uncle, Octavius was but nineteen. It has been suggested that on the Elizabethan stage the same actor took the parts of Cæsar and Octavius, and thus gave outward expression to the spiritual connection of the two rôles. In any case, Octavius may well echo the mannerisms of Cæsar. He must show the same ease and self-possession, and he must succeed in giving the impression that, boy though he is, he feels assured of his ability and his high destiny.

Antony. Antony was, at this time, thirty-seven years of age. He undergoes a complete change of character during the play. At the beginning, he is a man of the world, of noble bearing and handsome features, but "gamesome" and a reveler. The death of Cæsar changes all this. He sees his opportunity, and the cleverness and unscrupulousness that he had hidden under a frolicsome exterior come out. The actor should be able to indicate this change. He should have a varied and pleasing voice, so as to do justice to the lines that Antony speaks in the play.

Cicero, Publius, and Popilius Lena. These three characters must show, as must all the other senators, that dignity usually associated with their position. Cicero is characterized rather briefly in the play as conceited and lukewarm, but the characterization of the other parts is left entirely to the actors. They should probably be played as old men, white-bearded, and not very vigorous either in walk or in speech.

Brutus. More than any other character in the play, Brutus must possess that nebulous thing called personality, which is, in the actor, the ability to project himself "over the footlights." He must be able to convince the audience that he really is the great man the other characters in the play say he is. Brutus is a man of noble soul and high moral nature. This is both his strength and his weakness. It gives him his dominant position among the conspirators, and it makes the winning of him to the conspiracy the first step of the play. But this same nobil-

ity of character causes the ruin of the conspiracy, for Brutus, the impractical dreamer, blind to the duplicity around him, makes mistake after mistake and forces his confederates to go along with him. Thus, the tragedy in the play is the tragedy of the blind idealist caught in the web of life, and a Brutus who cannot bring this element out by his acting of the part robs the play of its meaning. Shakespeare emphasizes this element in the character of Brutus in one of his very last speeches. Just before Brutus kills himself he says:

> Countrymen,
> My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
> I found no man but he was true to me.

We are not to believe that this was really the case. In the play, Antony had tricked and ruined him. Cassius had twisted him to his purpose. The point is that the high-minded Brutus never saw these things. He lived and died in the conviction that all men acted from the same high motives as he did.

Brutus must, therefore, be a man of extremely winning personality. He is over fifty, mature, kindly, serious, and probably humorless. He is a soldier and accustomed to command. He should speak with the restraint and dignity of a man who weighs his words carefully, because he is convinced that what he says will carry weight. He speaks with conviction, because he is sure he is always right. He should be as deliberate in his actions as he is in his speech.

Cassius. In many ways Cassius is just the reverse

of Brutus. Although a few years older, he has retained much more of the fire and rashness of youth. He must move and speak quickly and impetuously. He possesses much more acuteness of judgment, and he is held back by none of those moral scruples that beset Brutus. Cæsar gives us the key to his character:

> Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
> He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
> . . . if my name were liable to fear,
> I know not any man I should avoid
> As soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
> He is a great observer, and he looks
> Quite through the deeds of men.

Casca. With the murder of Cæsar, the part of Casca disappears, but before this event he is a very interesting person. He is a man of about the same age as Brutus, for they were schoolfellows. But he lacks entirely Brutus's high-minded seriousness. He makes fun of everything. When Cæsar calls for Calpurnia, and again when he stops the procession at the shout of the soothsayer, it is Casca who echoes his words with obsequious mockery, unobserved by anybody—except the audience. The actor must also be able to give this impression of levity again in the long description of Antony offering the crown to Cæsar. Casca likes to make his friends believe that he is one who sees little that is serious or worth while in life. Nevertheless, he is one of the most zealous conspirators, and he is the one chosen by the others to give the signal by striking the first blow.

Cinna, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, and Metellus Cimber. The parts of the minor conspirators are not so clearly differentiated by Shakespeare, but a careful study of the text will show a possibility of making them distinct from one another. Ligarius, for example, is impetuous and rapid, as shown in his scene with Brutus. Decius must be plausible and fluent, especially in the scene where he convinces Cæsar that he should go to the Senate. In general, all the conspirators are mature men of position and influence in Rome, and they must be so played.

Calpurnia and Portia. Both Calpurnia and Portia must show their love for their husbands, but they differ greatly in every other respect. Calpurnia is superstitious and fearful, and, to be sure, she has good reason to be. Cæsar treats her more as an inferior than as an equal. He yields to her entreaties, and then changes his mind, with little evidence of respect. Nevertheless, Calpurnia wins our esteem by her solicitude for Cæsar.

Portia seems to be a much stronger character. She wins our respect for her intelligence and her tenderness. She is indeed worthy of being the wife of Brutus, and their regard for each other is one of the finest things in the play.

Minor characters. The other characters in the play have minor parts, and it is for the director and the actor to decide how they should be played. Most of the characters listed as friends or servants of Brutus are noble Romans or soldiers, and as such they may be

played with seriousness and dignity. They are what actors call "straight parts"; they require no difficult or subtle work. Casting them is largely a matter of finding members of the class who have the proper physique and suitable voices. The soothsayer, for example, may be played as a thin, stooped old man, but probably he should have one of those sonorous and resonant voices that are found occasionally in old men. Young Cato must be very young and very fiery, both in physique and voice. Pindarus was taken prisoner, so Cassius says, in Parthia, and so he is usually played as a Parthian.

Of all the minor characters, the citizens are in many ways the most important, and they are usually the most poorly done. From one point of view, the "mob" is an important character in the play. The climax is the winning over of the mob by Antony, and its actions during Antony's speech are of supreme importance. It must be carefully trained to respond to all the events of the play. It does not listen to Antony in dead silence. When he first says that Brutus and the conspirators are "honourable men," for example, there must be shouts of approval mingled with threats for anyone who would dare to say anything against Brutus. Later these shouts change to growls of doubt; and the last few times that Antony calls Brutus an "honourable man" there must be groans and hisses and shaking of fists. Similarly, appropriate action must be worked out for all the other parts of the play in which the mob appears.

The citizens can be distinguished in various ways. The second citizen may be played as a huge, bull-necked, irrepressible fellow with a mighty laugh. He will have his joke, and each time he replies to the tribunes, the other citizens must howl with laughter and clap one another on the back. The poorer the joke, the louder they laugh. One citizen may be a meek little man. Another may be dull and stupid, and always see the point of everything after everybody else has, when he utters a peal of vacant laughter. To differentiate between the citizens is a very interesting procedure. The real actor is the person who can take a minor part and build a real character around it; and yet he must be careful not to overplay it, or the entire scene may be spoiled. In acting, as in no other art, teamwork is essential. The play is the important thing, not the individual actor.

Costuming and Scenery

Although we know that in general there was no historical costuming on the Elizabethan stage, a few critics think that in classical plays the actors may have attempted to suggest classical costumes. A careful reading of *Julius Cæsar*, however, will convince the student that this was not the case, in this play at least. According to Casca, Cæsar plucked "ope his doublet." Lucius cannot recognize any of the conspirators because

> their hats are plucked about their ears,
> And half their faces buried in their cloaks.

Caius Ligarius wears "a kerchief," because he is ill, which was not a Roman custom, although it was Elizabethan. Cassius says

> The clock hath stricken three.

Brutus, by the light of a taper in his tent, reads a book which has a leaf turned down to mark the place, although a Roman "book" was a roll of manuscript. These points, and many others, must convince the student that Shakespeare was visualizing a performance of *Julius Cæsar* in Elizabethan costumes, and for

the most part, with Elizabethan properties. This fact we should know.

Nevertheless, it may be just as well, if we put this play on the stage, to use correct Roman costumes so far as possible. A modern audience is much disturbed by seeing classical characters in Elizabethan costumes.

Ingenuity will produce the classical costuming very easily. *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, in the article on "Costumes," will give a good idea of what these costumes were. Most of the principal characters in the first part of the play will wear togas with broad bands of color. Later on, practically all the men wear armor. Both helmets and breastplates may be made out of heavy buckram, gilded or silvered. Classical armor is, fortunately, very simple in design. Even such humble material as oilcloth, turned underside out, may be gilded and made into a reasonably effective piece of armor. Strips or circles of tin may be sewed on cloth to make an exceedingly realistic breastplate. However, for our classroom performances, we need not worry about the costuming. The spirit of the play is the thing, and that can be made to shine out regardless of accurate costuming, as it did on Shakespeare's own stage.

The scenery of the Elizabethan performance, and methods of playing *Julius Cæsar* in the classroom, are described on pp. 18–24. Classes who wish to present a public performance of the play will find many invaluable suggestions in Chapter V of Roy Mitchell's

Shakespeare for Community Players. The important thing is that the scenery be kept simple. Nothing ruins a Shakespearean play so surely as elaborate scenery and long intermissions. The scenery should be such as to allow the play to be played rapidly and with few textual changes, other than cuts which may be necessary for the compression of the performance into less time than the complete play would take. *Julius Cæsar* was written to be played on a stage admitting of a rapid unrolling of the story. Originally it did not depend on scenery. The lines are the important part, and if they are given the proper chance, they will be as effective today as they were when first sounded on the stage of "The Globe" three hundred years ago.

Noise Machines

An important element of an effective performance of such a play as *Julius Cæsar* is the noises which should accompany it. These are unfortunately usually overlooked in a mere academic study of the play. Shakespeare calls for music, the sound of trumpets, shouts, and thunder and lightning. The final battle, too, must have been played to an almost constant accompaniment of shouts, cries, and sounds of battle. Methods of making these noises on the stage have probably changed little since Shakespeare's time. At any rate, a brief description of the more simple methods commonly used on the stage today may be helpful.

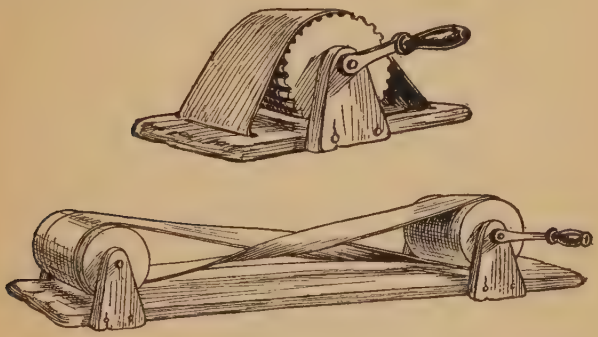
Thunder. The easiest method is to use a flat piece of tin, fifteen by twenty inches, or larger. The "thunder man" takes the piece in both hands, holding it by the long edge with his hands, thumbs up, about fifteen inches apart. Practice will enable him to shake it slowly to make a distant peal, and vigorously to make a louder peal. He can learn to make a great crash by striking it on his knee as he shakes it vigorously.

Lightning. Of course, in the Elizabethan performances, lightning could not be represented, as the play was performed in daylight. The simplest modern

method is to flash on and off instantly a blue electric bulb.

Rain. Rain is made by dropping shot or dried peas on the head of a drum, or on some other object that will sound, as a thin piece of wood or a sheet of tin. The "rain man" must keep taking the shot up in handfuls and letting them fall back on his sounder. Sometimes a good effect is secured by putting the shot or peas in a tin box and shaking the box properly.

Wind. A wind machine may be made by anyone who is at all familiar with the use of tools. A big



wooden cylinder, a foot or more in diameter, with slats or ridges around its circumference, may be fastened to a support so that it can be revolved rapidly. A piece of cloth, heavy silk or canvas, is then held over the top of the cylinder, which is turned vigorously. Another method is to fasten two smaller, smooth cylinders to a board, four or five feet apart. One of

the cylinders must have a handle by which it may be turned. Between the cylinders is stretched a belt of cloth or canvas, twisted in the middle, so that it will cross and rub together. Oftentimes, in modern performances, when a great storm is to be represented, all these mechanical devices are found to be insufficient, and the machines are re-enforced by men who imitate the wind with their voices.

Horses. The traditional method of making hoof beats on the stage is to use two halves of an empty cocoanut shell. The performer holds one in each hand and beats with the ends on a smooth piece of board. Melodrama has almost ruined this device for serious drama, but the noise might be effectively used in *Julius Cæsar* in the battle scene, where Brutus sends Messala off with

> Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
> Unto the legion on the other side.

Battle noises. No successful performance of the last part of *Julius Cæsar* is possible without the accompaniment of battle noises. Probably this is best made by stationing men behind the scenes to call and shout, and to beat on metal in imitation of the sounds that must have arisen in an ancient battlefield when men in armor fought with swords.

Sources

Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is, in the main, a dramatization of the story of the assassination of Cæsar and its consequences, as that story is told in the lives of Julius Cæsar, Brutus, and Mark Antony in Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romanes, Compared Together.* Plutarch was a Greek biographer who lived in the first century after Christ. He wrote in Greek, of course; but Shakespeare was apparently not acquainted with the original version. He used a translation by an Elizabethan scholar, Sir Thomas North. North's translation first appeared in 1579, but Shakespeare seems to have used the second edition, which was printed in 1595. An interesting copy of the fourth edition, of 1612, has been discovered, which has stamped on the back the initials "W. S." On the head of the title-page in handwriting is the Latin motto, "Live that you may live," the initials "W. S." again, and the price, "18 shillings and 6 pence." Many scholars think that this book belonged to Shakespeare. It has more than a hundred marked passages; and there are in the volume two manuscript notes in the same handwriting as the indorsement on the title-page. At the account of the assassination, there appears in the margin in brackets "Brute . . . Brutus,"

and at the mention of the "Ides of March," W. S. has inserted "March 15." The book, whether or not it was really owned by Shakespeare, has sentimental value only, for the play of *Julius Cæsar* had been written long before 1612.

Another book that Shakespeare may have consulted is Appian's *History of the Civil Wars*, an old Latin history, of which a translation was made in 1578. There is a slight resemblance between the account it gives of Antony's oration and the speech in the play. Several other possible sources have been suggested, but Plutarch was without a doubt the one main and indispensable source.

Scholars disagree as to just how much Shakespeare owes to Plutarch, so you had best consult the *Lives* and make a comparison for yourself, if the question interests you. One authority says:

> It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole play . . . is to be found in Plutarch. Shakespeare, indeed, has thrown a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is often wholly his own; but of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the wording to Sir Thomas North.

Another critic says:

> There has been a tendency to overestimate the loans of the Roman plays from Plutarch. . . . It is an overstatement to say that Shakespeare is content to resign himself into his hands, and simply to follow where the other leads.

Whichever point of view you come to agree with, you will probably be grateful to the argument that

sends you to Plutarch for a solution, for you will find that Plutarch is a fascinating writer, quite well worth knowing for his own sake.

You will find, if you compare Shakespeare carefully with the historical facts as found in Plutarch or in some other source, that Shakespeare makes many changes. The most important change to notice is the change in the time element. Historically, the period covered by the play was from Cæsar's triumph in October, 45 B.C., to the battle of Philippi in the autumn of 42 B.C. For dramatic reasons, Shakespeare condenses the action. You feel that the entire story of the play takes place in a few months. For example, he makes Cæsar's triumph, which really occurred in the preceding October, coincide with the feast of Lupercal, the 15th of February, on which Antony offered Cæsar the crown. He makes the two battles of Philippi occur on the same day, whereas, according to history, Brutus was not finally defeated until twenty days after the defeat of Cassius. The murder, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius are made to occur on the same day, when in reality they were several days apart. The time element in the play seems to be as follows:

DAY 1. Act I, Scenes I and II. *Feast of Lupercal, Feb. 15.*

Interval of a month, from the feast of Lupercal to the eve of the ides of March.

DAY 2. Act I, Scene III. *Eve of the ides of March.*

DAY 3. Act II and Act III. *The ides of March.*
Interval, to allow for the flight of the conspirators and the organization of the Triumvirs.

DAY 4. Act IV, Scene I.
Interval, to allow Brutus and Cassius time to organize their forces.

DAY 5. Act IV, Scenes II and III.
Interval, to allow Brutus and Cassius time to move from Sardis to Philippi.

DAY 6. Act V.

Aside from the changes in the time element, there are other changes, such as the substitution of the Ghost of Cæsar for Brutus's evil spirit, which show that Shakespeare was constantly thinking of the effect of the play from the dramatic point of view. To make a careful and detailed study of the changes Shakespeare makes in the material he borrows from his source, in the case of *Julius Cæsar*, or any other play, is an enlightening experience for anyone who is interested in stage-craft, for Shakespeare never forgets that his play is to be acted by his own company on the stage of "The Globe," and every one of his changes has a dramatic reason.

Language and Versification

The difficulties that students sometimes have in reading Shakespeare usually arise from two causes: first, the fact that the English language has changed in many ways since Shakespeare wrote three hundred years ago; and second, the fact that most of the plays are in verse. There are a few principles, however, that will aid us to overcome both the language and verse difficulties.

Language. In the first place, grammar in Shakespeare's time was not so settled in all points as it is now. Often he used *who* where we feel that *whom* is required, and *whom* where we should use *who*. He used *which* and *that* very loosely, too, to refer to either persons or things. *His* often took the place of *its*, which was just beginning to be commonly used in Shakespeare's day. There was little distinction in his mind between *shall* and *will*, and *should* and *would*.

Another point of difficulty is that Shakespeare used many words which are now archaic or old, because they have dropped out of use in the last three hundred years. These are explained in the notes in this edition. Archaic expressions, such as *or . . . or* for *either . . . or*, and *nor . . . nor* for *neither . . . nor*, must be understood. *An* is used commonly in the sense of *if*.

A third and greater cause of difficulty is that we still use many of the words that Shakespeare used, but in a very different sense. To him, for example, *still* meant *always; presently* meant *at once; lover* meant merely *friend; night-gown* meant *dressing-gown; battle* meant the *division of an army;* and so forth. You must watch for these words which have changed in meaning, for a misunderstanding of one of them may change the thought of an entire passage.

Versification. Prose is used by Shakespeare in *Julius Cæsar* in the mob scenes, for Casca's description of the offering of the crown to Cæsar on the feast of Lupercal, and for Brutus's speech. In each of these cases, Shakespeare has a specific reason. He wants to indicate the roughness of the mob, the affected surliness of Casca, and the direct plainness of the language of Brutus in contrast to the emotional appeal of Antony. In general, in all his plays, he uses prose to indicate a lower emotional tone than is indicated by his verse. Prose and verse may be mingled in the same scene, as it is in Act I, Scene I, where the tribunes speak verse, and the citizens prose.

The difference between prose and verse is that in prose the words are in their normal order, without much regard for their rhythm. In verse the poet has to be careful to produce a *regular recurrence of accent:* that is, he places stressed, or accented, syllables at regular intervals, so that his lines have a beat, like music. Shakespeare used the form of verse that had, in his day, become the accepted form for drama. It is

called blank verse, because there are no rimes at the end of lines, except that occasionally the last two lines in a scene are rimed. The normal line contains ten syllables, five stressed and five unstressed; and there is an alternation, a stressed syllable being followed by an unstressed one. This scheme can be shown graphically by marking stressed syllables with ´, and unstressed ones with ˘. A combination of a stressed and unstressed syllable is called a foot, and the feet in a line are separated by |.

˘ ´ ˘ ´ ˘ ´ ˘ ´ ˘ ´
I will | not do | them wrong; | I rath | er choose |

˘ ´ ˘ ´ ˘ ´ ˘ ´ ˘ ´
To wrong | the dead, | to wrong | myself, | and you, |

˘ ´ ˘ ´ ˘ ´ ˘ ´ ˘ ´
Than I | will wrong | such hon | oura | ble men.

As you will notice, each line contains five feet, so the line is called a *pentameter*. A foot of two syllables, of which the second is the accented one, is called an *iamb;* hence, this particular metrical scheme used by Shakespeare is called *iambic pentameter*.

An entire play of regular iambic pentameter lines would be very monotonous indeed, and the skill of a poet is shown by the cleverness with which he can introduce variety into his lines, and at the same time retain an underlying sense of the regular recurrence of the accent. In his earlier plays, Shakespeare had not yet

learned the art of varying his meter, as the following passage, chosen at random from *The Comedy of Errors*, will illustrate:

First Merchant:

Therefore give out you are of Epidammum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

It will require much searching in *Julius Cæsar* to find eight consecutive lines as regular and as monotonous as the above lines, because by the time *Julius Cæsar* was written, Shakespeare had become a much better poet. He had learned that the thing to be avoided is too great regularity. He had learned many devices to give his verse flexibility.

In the first place, he constantly writes *run-on* lines; that is, lines without the end-stop.

Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. . . .

Secondly, he often adds an extra unstressed syllable at the end of lines:

I know | that vir | tue to | be in | you, Brut | us,

As well | as I | do know | your out | ward fa | vour.

Thirdly, he often places an extra unstressed syllable in some foot in the line:

Let me see, | let me see; | is not | the leaf | turn'd down?

This variation was still very rare when *Julius Cæsar* was written, but it became very common in the last few plays that Shakespeare wrote.

Fourthly, he often shifted the stressed accent, especially in the first line of the foot. Examples of this change may be found on almost every page:

Either | a cow | ard or | a flat | terer.

Weeping | as fast | as they | stream forth | thy blood.

All of these devices are what we might call "regular irregularities." A careful study of the text will probably show you others; but the main thing to be noticed is the skill with which Shakespeare overlays his metrical pattern with wonderful variety. You are always conscious of the underlying beat of the meter, but you have no sense of monotony or stiffness. This is the case in all great classic poetry.

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The most complete account of the actual conditions in the theaters and dramatic companies of Shakespeare's time.

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